

ES, FOR 1842.

3RD DECEMBER.
Rs. P. P. with 500 Rs.
These never won, weight
are in progress to complete the design. All this proves
that the inventors and their supporters are well
convinced of the certainty of the invention, and
wonderful as may appear this gigantic stride in science
we have no right for disbelief, when we remember
with what incredulity the proposition to light the
metropolis with an invisible body was received—when
we know that seventy years since we should have
been deemed madmen if we had stated that we should
shortly travel at the rate of forty to sixty miles an
hour. In such an age of improvement, we really
have no right or precedent for doubt, and, therefore
we thus allude with seeming credulity to the fact of
a steam-carriage being, not only contemplated, but
in the Engineer's hands, that is to be borne on the
air, unlike in any way the principle of the balloon,
and to which even the winds are to be made subservient
! Shall we not soon look on the *Tales of the
Genii* rather as an Historical Chronicle, than an
amusing romance?"

10TH DECEMBER.
Rs. given by His Highness
the Maharaja of Mysore
to a subscription of
less of the season allowed
to be 1
11, Total 17.
500 Rs. from the Fund, for
150 Rs. Heats, weight 5st.

3rd Race. A Cup value 500 Rs. given by Gopall Row My-
nair, Esq. for the best horse, weight 100, for all
Horses weight 8st. 7lbs. 14 miles and a distance heats.
st. lb.
Black's, B. A. H. Horse. 8 11 by mutual
Time, first heat, 3 23, 2d heat, 3 21.
4th Race. A Purse of Rs. 100, given by an Amateur with
Rs. 10 subscription for all horses, weight 8st. and up wards,
one mile heats. Winner to be sold for Rs. 300, if demanded
in half an hour. Two horses to start or no races.
Mr. Italkes, C. A. H. Chawla. 2 2
Comber, G. A. H. Horse. 3 drawn.
Francis, G. A. H. Zeb Tarash. 1
Time, 1st heat, 2 10
2d Do. 2 6

F. S. A. Secretary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 20.

A KNotty POINT.

MR. EDITOR.—Some year or so ago, the govern-
ment took it into its head, to alter the mode of paying
its European troops. Instead of paying the men in
advance as heretofore, it directed that men prospec-
tively enlisted, should be paid in arrears. Had the
alteration applied equally to all the men of regiments,
it would have caused no confusion, but applying only
to a part of the men its consequences are most mis-
chievous, because some officers in charge of companies
will have it, that they are advancing, the daily stipend
which they pay to the men drawing pay in arrears.
Such in my opinion is certainly not the case, for un-
less the officer in charge of a company, received on
the 1st of each month, money to pay each man for
that month he could not do so. The only difference
in fact, between the men paid in arrears and advance
is, that the last whenever they die, or are discharged
have nothing to receive, whilst those drawing in ar-
rears, are entitled to pay from the 1st of the month
to the date of their becoming a casualty, but as
respecting the company officer, they are all in the same
light.

Taking this for granted, surely a company thus
situated is 300 Rs. deficient, viz.
Say on the 1st Nov. it draws for the non commis-
sioned officers and men 950 Rs. On the 18th Nov.
its affairs stand thus. Nine hundred and fifty rupees
men's pay; a hundred and twenty two rupees of lia-
bilities connected with the commissioned officers, total
1172 Rs. Against this it has 88 rupees in
hand; it has paid 225 Rs. to the men and the
men's debts are in excess of the men's credits with the
company 445 Rs. equal to 763. Surely it must
be open to the least astute comprehension, that 300
Rs. is here wanting, yet I have known such a fact
denied.

In the 2d E. L. I. a young officer who had only
been in the service a few months, was ordered to
make out to be deficient one thousand rupees. This
ludicrous sum he still under stoppages for. Let any
one whose duty it is, inspect the tattered books of
that regiment, and say if it is clear to him, that the
defalcation took place, with that young officer.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to apologize for our omission to print some letters
received—we have no room in our present impression.

THE COURIER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16.

We have received Calcutta papers to 5th Madras
the 8th Agra and Delhi the 3d instant.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—We have employed our-
selves in the task of perusing our English papers,
received on Tuesday, and are sorry we cannot pro-
mise our Readers much entertainment from their
contents. JOHN BULL grows less this month, than
the last, the Chartists do not appear to have given
him so much disturbance as of late—and though
of course he must grumble about something, on the
whole, we think he exhibits himself rather to ad-
vantage for the month ending the 4th of Novem-
ber.

That "there is nothing new under the sun" has been
so repeatedly uttered and written, that many of
the unthinking among mortal men begin to believe
in the abstract truth of the proposition. The advo-
cates of that doctrine, upon the adaptation of Steam to
practical purposes, would not admit there was any no-
velty in the discovery, and triumphantly referred to
the effects of boiling water upon the lid of a teakettle
—When the new light was diffused over the Metropolis
by the Agency of Gas lamps, they argued in favor of
their old fashioned doctrines, that they often manufac-
tured gas light themselves, by means of a common
clay tobacco pipe at the parlor fire—thus each inven-
tion or discovery on being brought to light, and
adapted to useful purposes, has been met by the
chilling, heartless, misapplied maxim—"there is
nothing new under the sun."

A scientific gentleman holding such false philosophy
in contempt, has lately undertaken to disprove the truth
of the adage by exhibiting to the world, for his own
and the general benefit, a locomotive Engine, which
upon its very first flight into the aerial regions, will
prove such a sight as was never before seen, under
either sun or moon. An Aerial steam Carriage is the
name of a new Machine for which a Company has
taken out a Patent, and which is to convey passen-
gers goods and despatches through the air, performing
the journey from London to India in four days, and
will travel at the rate of from 75 to 100 miles per
hour. The Atlas for India, makes the startling
announcement—an Atlantean project truly! in the
following terms:

"At the first glance of such an announcement our
readers will doubtless feel disposed to treat it as some
chimerical absurdity written merely to excite wonder,
and expressly for the marvel-loving mass of society;
but the facts connected with the subject are of a kind
to dispel disbelief, at least as to the truth of such a
contrivance being in process of formation. A company of

gentlemen is formed, intellectual and mechanical men,
not likely to be misled by too sanguine expectations.
The patent was formally sealed on the 29th of Sep-
tember last, while cool and systematic arrangements
are in progress to complete the design. All this proves
that the inventors and their supporters are well
convinced of the certainty of the invention, and
wonderful as may appear this gigantic stride in science
we have no right for disbelief, when we remember
with what incredulity the proposition to light the
metropolis with an invisible body was received—when
we know that seventy years since we should have
been deemed madmen if we had stated that we should
shortly travel at the rate of forty to sixty miles an
hour. In such an age of improvement, we really
have no right or precedent for doubt, and, therefore
we thus allude with seeming credulity to the fact of
a steam-carriage being, not only contemplated, but
in the Engineer's hands, that is to be borne on the
air, unlike in any way the principle of the balloon,
and to which even the winds are to be made subservient
! Shall we not soon look on the *Tales of the
Genii* rather as an Historical Chronicle, than an
amusing romance?"

Now it becomes us as Philosophers to doubt no-
thing—to be astonished at nothing—Nil Admirari—
is the true maxim to be engraved on the Editorial
Chair—and to be the guide of the Editorial pen.
Therefore we are not astonished, we only marvel at the
inevitable results that must follow from so momentous
a discovery in mechanics. We entertain a noble dis-
regard for the animadversions of those, who would
stigmatize us as airy visionaries, as lunatics or moon-
struck, because we do not withhold our credence from
such sublime flights of the human mind; because we
do not impose limits upon the human intellect, and
say with the Danish monarch of old in his arrogant
address to the Sea—"so far shalt thou go, and no farther."

A voyage to the Moon, to catch her by the horn,
has been long looked upon as a hopeless project—very
often talked of, but not as yet seriously attempted
—the young gentleman in Russells, suffered sad dis-
appointment in his attempt, to make unto himself wings
and flee away—the waters of the Lake soon cooled his
immoderate passion for soaring aloft, but it would have
been very unwise in the other inhabitants of the Happy
Valley, to have prophesied from the downfall of the
dripping wig lit, that Sadler's balloon would never
make nearer approaches to the modest Queen of
Night.

We look upon balloons to be only the first step
of the ladder, by which we are eventually to reach
pale Cynthia, and see whether she is or not made of
green cheese, or whether in reality, the man in the
moon is all face, as we have been taught to consider
him, when studying his lineaments at this inconvenient
distance. All these difficulties promise fairly to
be brought to light, by the agency of the *Aerial
Steam Carriage*, and we long for the month of
February to arrive, that we may be enabled to receive
the illustrious visitor in propria persona—and perhaps
engage a return seat for ourselves, to merry England
once more.—We say February, because the machine
is expected to be fully organized in January, and of
course the Directors will, as they do in all Companies
monopolize the Aerial for the first trip—and as they
have mentioned a four day flight to India, in their
prospectus, it is but natural to suppose that they will
take the earliest opportunity of testing the value of the
discovery, by provisioning the Aerial for a week's
voyage, in case of accidents, and dropping down upon
some fine morning shortly after sunrise.

The Atlas is afraid of grappling with the Subject,
so early after its first promulgation—he says:—"The
subject is one so redolent with matter for speculation,
that we will not venture to point out the entire social
revolution which must occur, still, presuming the
rapid transit practicable, and likely to be carried into
operation: we must avoid the overwhelming impor-
tance which the topic involves." We are sorry the
Atlas has become so modest. We should like to hear all
his opinions upon the subject, and what other people
say thereabout. We cannot help having our own
notions,—and we feel irresistibly impelled to com-
municate some of them.

We have a notion that the aerial will completely
supersede—rail roads—steam vessels, and all such
minor inventions. Who would allow himself to be
detained in a Steam carriage or vessel, who had the
option of being thrown like a quoit, from one end of
the Earth to the other? None but the most grovelling
minded men will long submit to it.

The noble science of War, will undergo a complete
reformation—in future, (that is to say, when we have
constructed an adequate number of Aerials for warlike
purposes)—instead of tedious marches across whole
tracts of country, the troops meanwhile suffering from
all the varied ravages of disease, and extermination
in the defiles of an enemy's country, the flying Is-
land will be despatched against the foe, and without
wasting powder or ball, or time, or patience, quietly
plop down upon the hostile Armies, from a sufficient
elevation, and crush the enemy at one squeeze. Sup-
pose a fort to be taken, there is no necessity for doing
more than poisoning the Aerial, skyhigh, like a balanced
hawk, immediately above the doomed spot of earth;
let your gas escape, and down you come with a force
of gravity, which must completely extinguish, and
make pancakes of, the most gallant garrison. The
Navigation of the Sea must eventually become aban-
doned—who would endure the horrors of Sea-sick-
ness, and all the privations of a long voyage, who
could command a seat in the flying Phaeton? conse-
quently the British fleet may soon be expected to be
broken up for firewood—and the only navigation which
it will be worth while to study, will be that of the
Heavens. Astronomers will have a great advantage
over others, from their intimate acquaintance with the
Heavenly bodies—and will be able to prove the truth
of Shakespeare that "there are more things in Heaven
and Earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The subject grows upon us, and presents itself under
so many novel phases, that we are quite disheartened
at our puny efforts to penetrate the mists of the future,
and are constrained to take leave of the subject, at
least for the present, without being at all satisfied that
we have had penetration enough, to discover and
elucidate the thousandth part of the vast and aston-
ishing results, arising out of an invention, which when
carried into full operation, and effect, will necessarily
change the whole system of life—give new impulses
to the indefatigable spirit of inquiry and research
inherent in man's nature—people the liquid air, with
the inhabitants of Earth—and realize some of the most
fanciful visions of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Of course, during the incipient, infant stages of the
discovery, accidents must be calculated upon, and, as
in the case of Rail Roads, some thousands of lives
must be sacrificed for the advancement of science—no
true philanthropist can object to immolate himself
scientifically for the general weal—he is sure to live;
if not in the memories, at least in the Records, of the
"Aerial Patent safety Company."

Captain Archibald Donohue of the 40th Regiment of
Madras Infantry, for merly Resident of Tanjore,
whose sudden disappearance gave rise to manifold
conjectures and discussions in the papers of that
Presidency, was, we learn from the *London Mail*,
arrested at the instance of the Hon'ble East India
Company, and brought before the Magistrate of the
Marlborough Street Police office on the 1st Move-
ment as being a deserter from his Regiment. The
Counsel for the Company contended that the defend-
ant should be sent to prison and finally made over
to the Secretary at war, while the Counsel on the
opposite side would admit nothing of the kind but
pressed for a remand and the production of all docu-
ments. He was accordingly remanded till the 4th
of November, Bail having been refused. Captain D.
will in all probability be sent to India to take his
trial.

It is currently reported that the failure of the
house of *Leans, Foster and Langton*, at home, has ne-
cessitated the firm of Foster and Co. at this Presidency
to submit a statement of their affairs to their creditors.

We have heard that individual enterprise as at
length about to supply a desideratum which the Gov-
ernment have hitherto been indifferent about. We
advent to the intended introduction of an *Anna Post
Office*, with branch Establishments throughout the
several Towns and Villages on the Island. It cannot
but be admitted, that such an Establishment is very
desirable, and will prove a source of no small public
convenience and it is to be wondered at that the
subject never engaged the attention of the Government
who it would appear have just now been aroused
to a sense of its utility and are determined upon es-
tablishing one on their own responsibility, after they
shall have satisfied themselves of the successful work-
ing of the one now in contemplation. Now it is needless
to remark that such proceeding would bear the im-
press of unfairness, and should they eventually carry
out their project they will do so, much to their dis-
credit.

DINNER TO MAJOR OUTRAM.—On Tuesday the
13th instant, the friends of Major Outram assembled
at the British Hotel, in the Fort, when an excellent
dinner prepared by Mr. Blackwell was laid before
them.

The dining room was tastefully decorated with flowers
and some appropriate transparencies: among the
latter of which we noticed the initials J. O. sur-
rounded by bayonets. Another exhibited the motto of
the chevalier Bayard "sans peur et sans reproche"
a third "Welcome," about one hundred of the
principal people in the presidency sat down to dinner
at 8 o'clock. The Garrison Band attended, and
regaled the Company during the Evening with
appropriate Scotch and other airs.

After the cloth was drawn, Henry Fawcett Esq.
who presided over the festivities, proposed the follow-
ing toasts—Her Majesty the Queen, Prince Al-
bert and the rest of the Royal Family, and then came
the toast of the night, our distinguished Guest, Mr.
Fawcett expressed himself pretty nearly in the follow-
ing words:

"There have been few occasions on which I have
felt greater or more unmixed pleasure in rising to
propose a toast than the present—the object being a
man so well known, so highly appreciated so distin-
guished for great and varied qualities both of head
and heart, one who has at the same time so excited
the admiration and won the affection of all that have
been associated with him, as our friend and guest
of the evening, James Outram—Well he has been compared by a
Gallant Officer in another place, to the knight who
above all bore the character of being *Sans peur et sans
reproche*, the noble Bayard, the pride of chivalry
the glory of France; for like him, bold in the field
wise in council—courageous and gentle in the cham-
ber, he has moved he has moved he has been admired,
respected and beloved."

The whole course of his service has been so marked
with distinction that I was to endeavour to follow
it I should have to trespass too long on your patience.
I shall be satisfied therefore with briefly touching
on the most salient points and taking a rapid review
of his brilliant career.

Early distinguished for intrepidity, judgment and
firmness his name became soon known as a Soldier of
the first promise and a Sportsman with whom few
could vie, and he seemed peculiarly adapted for the
situation to which he was appointed that of forming
a corps, of bringing the Bheel tribes of Khandish into
order and usefulness. Unaccustomed to control, these
uncivilized tribes mainly supported themselves by
plunder and the foraging of the peaceful citizens
appeared hopeless, but J. Outram by his firmness
showed them he was not to be trifled with, and by
his kindness that he sought to be their friend, and
the success that attended his exertions was almost
beyond belief and the province in which Anarchy
prevailed to such an extent that transit through it
was attended with great risk, became distinguished for
order and peace. In the month of June, 1842, he
was when called into Guzerat, when the disturbed
state of the Myhee Caunta and border districts called
for active and judicious management. Where coercion
was required its application was so prompt and de-
cided that repetition was needless the character that
applied the remedy was so appreciated that the most
lawless succumbed—the most licentious yielded
obedience, the disaffected were weaned by his kind-
ness and while the industrious and peaceful were
encouraged by his protection, the very outlaw, re-
claimed by the character of the man, left his fastnesses
and became a suppliant at his feet. Such a man
was not likely to be forgotten when preparations
for the invasion of Afghanistan were on foot and he
accompanied the force under the command of Sir John
Keane. It was to his exertions and his personal influ-
ence that the want of cattle which at one time threatened
to put an entire stop to the advance of the Bombay
Column was supplied. Throughout the service he was
ever ready, forward and active, and on the submission
of Cabool with a few chosen companions, by a rapid
advance on Bamean, had nearly succeeded on secur-
ing the person of the Exchequer Dost Mahomed, but his
hopes were baffled by the treachery of Haje Kakur
and he returned unsuccessful.—At Kelat we find him
again amongst the most distinguished and his daring
and adventurous spirit here found congenial employ-
ment in bringing down the desperadoes by an untired
route and through unknown danger from hostile tribes,
with the avenger of blood closely dogging his foot-
steps, he however favoured his daring son, and he
was the second and eventually Bombay in
safety. He was then appointed to Hyderabad but was
again called into Upper Seinde.

On the death of Mr. Ross Bell, he by personal
exertions soon brought about a decided change in
the condition of the country—he found Anarchy but
has left order—he found hostility and war threatened

to the knife, he has left Peace and friendship—he
found the country a desert, he has left it flourishing
and in plenty. Relieved from his duties he was pre-
paring to return to his native land when he was sud-
denly and unexpectedly ordered to return to his post and
with that readiness to sacrifice all personal consid-
eration which marks his character, knowing that the
duty is that of service, without hesitation he is pre-
paring to return and a few hours will see him on his
route. Those who know him best cannot but be as-
sured that whatever the duties may be that will be
entrusted to his charge they will be fulfilled in a man-
ner beneficial to the public interest and honourable to
himself.

But this change in his prospects must in a degree
change the nature of this entertainment—we will notsay
Farewell but we will cheer him on his course—let us
hail him as a Soldier, as a Diplomatist, as a Sportsman,
as a Friend—Soldiers are one of yourselves, your
bright example—cheer him with the enthusiasm of
your nature—Civilians, join in the shout for he has
reaped bright and unfading laurels in your ranks—
Sportsmen, hail your leader in the chase for who
amongst you is more forward in the field, or readier
to beard the Tiger in his lair—To express my feel-
ings as a friend, the Bard of Avon must lend me
words.

"Thou art as just a man
"As'er my conversation cop'd withal
"Do not think I flatter thee
"For what advancement can I hope from thee
"Thou art a man of great devotion
"To feed and clothe the poor
"No lot the candle tongs lick about a pomp
"And crook the pregent hinges of the knee
"When thrit may follow thee"
"Give me the man
"That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
"As my heart's core—aye in my heart of hearts
"As I do thee"

Rise then, Soldiers, Civilians, Sportsmen, Friends,
shout your applause for the past, cheer him on his future
course—Long life, health and honor to JAMES OUT-
RAM."

Major Outram returned thanks nearly as follows:—
Gentlemen—It will be nearly three years next month
since I was first informed I had a public character—
on a former occasion when many of you, Gentlemen,
met to do me honour. So unexpected by me was the
large assembly on that occasion, and the strongly marked
approbation of my humble public services, where
I looked merely for evidence of the regard of a few
private friends, that I was rendered quite incapable of
adequately expressing my sentiments at the time;
but although I said little then, Gentlemen, I felt
very deeply the honour conferred. I was, for the
first time, impressed with the gratifying conviction
that the community of the presidency in which I had
passed my life since boyhood, honoured me with such
esteem; and I was fully sensible of the solemn obliga-
tions which such high appreciation by my countrymen
imposed on me. I did not then determine to return
life to acquiring a stronger title to your good opinion,
who had been too readily induced, I feared, to take me
too much upon trust, and to estimate me far too highly.
In gratitude, therefore, for your partial favour, and
in the hope better to deserve it ultimately, I had the
strongest inducement for zealous exertion in the
important duties which then devolved upon me, and I de-
termined from among you to determine my course
until I had proved myself in some manner worthy
of your confidence. The extensive field in
which I had to work afforded ample scope for all
the energies I possess; but they alone, if unsupported
by such an incentive, and the encouragement I had
received from you, might have failed to carry me
through the difficulties and anxieties which attended
my discharge of a great and arduous duty. I could
have anticipated, owing to our lamentable disasters in
Afghanistan, and the insurrectionary spirit which
consequently arose in my immediate neighbourhood—
I had, besides, gentlemen, a further spur to exertion
in being your representative with troops of the Ben-
gal and Madras Presidencies as well as of our own,
and I have endeavoured to discharge my duty with
indifference for the success of my measures to the admi-
rable discipline maintained in the united army within
the limits of my charge. The distinction with which
you have honoured me this night, gentlemen, and the
cordiality with which you received the kind but
very flattering notice of me by the chair, gives
gratifying proof that you do not feel disappointed in
me, that you consider that I have gone through the
trying ordeal of the past three years creditably, and
I receive your decision, gentlemen, as that of my
judges, with humility and gratitude. With respect
to the extreme compliment paid to me, by naming me
in the same breath with that famed knight of old, and
attaching his far too glorious motto to my humble
escutcheon, I can only say, gentlemen, that I know
how immensely my very imperfect character falls
beneath that of so bright and so pure of the noble
Bayard; but I will add, that I, in common with many
I see around me, will yield to no character, ancient or
modern, in duty to my Government and devotion to
my country; and should it please God ever to require
of my hands the last sacrifice for my country, which
the gallant knight so chivalrously paid, I trust, should
not be found backward in imitating him in that re-
spect. In conclusion, gentlemen, I owe it to you
and to myself to declare, that although I consider that
your kind partiality has raised me far above my deserts;
still, since I have been so honoured by you, I am
determined, with God's blessing, to maintain my
character in the proud position to which you have
raised it, through every trial, and against all assailants.
With my whole heart I thank you all."

Lieut. Colonel Dunsterville in a very excellent
and animated speech proposed "the health of Mrs
Outram and the Ladies"—Major Outram returned
thanks.

Doctor Burnes K. H., proposed the health of "the
Chairman Mr. Henry Fawcett," in his usual able and
imposing manner—which Mr. Fawcett suitably
acknowledged—and finally Dr. Baist proposed the
health of the Croupier, Colonel Dunsterville, with
great eloquence and effect—shortly after which Major
Outram rose, and the company separated with the
exception of a few jovial souls, who kept possession of
the premises and continued the hilarity until past 3
o'clock in the morning.

We never attended a meeting more calculated to
give pride and pleasure to the individual sought
to be honored—Major Outram must be insatiable,
if he were not satisfied with the warmth, the intensity of
admiration and manly regard evinced towards him
by his numerous surrounding friends. We have
heard, (who has not) of his deserts—we have some
personal knowledge of his good qualities, but we were
altogether unprepared to witness the Enthusiasm with
which every sentiment he uttered was received by the
whole Company. For ourselves we would only add, to
this very hurried notice, that we shall always regard
his progress with absorbing interest, and feel pride and
pleasure in recording his future advancement in the
career of glory and of usefulness.

PARELL.—Yesterday evening the Honorable the
Governor and Lady Arthur gave an entertainment
in honor of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, and on the oc-
casion of presenting him with a medal from the
British Government.

About 10 o'clock Sir Jamsetjee was led to the head
of the room between Captain Arthur A. D. C. and
the Private Secretary—when His Excellency address-
ed the worthy Knight something to the following
effect.

His Excellency stated that, at the desire of the British
Government, he had great pleasure in presenting
Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy with a Medal surrounded

of a "leading article" (laughter)? I brought all this upon them by his quarrels with the ladies were in the house of Commons a Tory borough, and that a young Tory aristocracy were to try to away the

CALCUTTA.

"Sir, I have just heard of your arrival on the 20th ultimo at Jubbalpur with the force under your command from the Governor General of India."

of a "leading article" (laughter)? I brought all this upon them by his quarrels with the ladies were in the house of Commons a Tory borough, and that a young Tory aristocracy were to try to away the

been so far distinguished as to be made of a "leading article" (laughter)? I brought all this upon them by his quotations were in the house of Commons, Tory aristocracy were to try to away the

"Sir, I have just heard of your arrival on the 20th ultimo at Jubbalpur with the force under your command from the Governor General of India."

AGRA UKHBAR. Dec. 3.
We are indebted to an Intelligent Military Friend
for the following schedule of the probable strength of

AGRA UKHBAR. Dec. 3.
We are indebted to an Intelligent Military Friend
for the following schedule of the probable strength of

antiquities, and d'posons me
to great value.
—The account which
you gave me of your acquaintance
with the woman, my lord, and I
don't. Did any money
person before you saw
her?

—No.
—Certainly not.
—Perhaps ascertain more
of the property upon
which had no lordship,
admitted having given

Frankfort, requested to
quarry.
—The name of Mr. Wolff re-
served her defence, was remanded till Thursday
next.

Extracts from New Works.

CHAPTER XLV.

We never experience a to the toll how far sorrow has
made its inroad upon us, until we come back after long
absence, to the places where we have once been happy
and find them lone and tenantless. While we recog-
nize each old familiar object, we see no longer those
who gave them all their value in our eyes—every in-
animate thing about us speaks to our senses, but where
are they who were wont to speak to our hearts? The
solitary chamber is then, indeed, but the body of half
our pleasure, from which the soul has departed for
ever. These feelings were mine as I paced the old,
well-worn stairs, and entered my quarters in the cas-
tle. No more I heard the merry laugh of my friend
O'Grady, nor his quick step upon the stair. The
life, the stir, the bustle of the past seemed to have
all fled; the court only echoed to the measured tread
of the grenadier, who marched backwards and
forwards beside the flagstaff in the centre of the open
space. No cavalcade of jousting riders—no prancing
horses, led about by grooms—no showy and splendid
equipages; all was still, sad, and neglected-looking.
The dust whirled about in circling eddies, as the cold
wind of an autumnal day moaned through the arched
passages and gloomy corridors of the old building. A
care-worn official, or some slatternly inferior of the
household would perhaps pass, from time to time;
but except such as these, nothing stirred.

The closed shutters and drawn-down blinds showed
that the viceroy was absent, and I found myself the
only occupant of the building.
It requires the critical eye of the observant resident
of great cities, to mark the changes which season and
fashion effect in their appearance. To one unac-
customed to their phrases it seems strange to hear,
'How empty the town is—how very few people
are in London?'—while the heavy tide of population
pours incessantly around him and his ear is deafened
with the ceaseless roll of equipage. But in such a
city as Dublin, the alteration is manifest to the least
remarker. But little frequented by the country
gentry, and never except for the few months when
the court is there—still less visited by foreigners—de-
serted by the professional classes, at least such of them
as are independent enough to absent themselves, the
streets are actually empty. The occupations of trade,
the bustle of commerce that through every season
continue their onward march, the great trading
cities such as Liverpool, Hamburg, Frankfort, and
Bordeaux scarce exist here; and save that the tattered
garments of mendicancy and the craving cries
of hunger are ever before you, might fall into a
drowsy reverie as you walked and dreamed yourself in
Palmyra.

I had strolled about for above an hour, in the mo-
ody frame of mind my own reflections and the surround-
ing objects were well calculated to suggest, when
meeting by accident a subaltern with whom I was
slightly acquainted, I heard that the court had that
morning left the Lodge in the park, for Kilkenny,
where the theatricals of that pleasant city were going
forward, a few members of the household alone remain-
ing, who were to follow in a day or two.

For some days previous, I had made up my mind
not to return. Every day that I found my bound
to the country was broken. I had no heart to set
about forming new friendships, while the wounds of
former ones were still fresh and bleeding; and I longed
for change of scene and active occupation, that I
might have no time to reflect or look back.

Resolving to tender my resignation on the duke's
staff without any further loss of time, I set out at once
for the park.
I arrived there in the very nick of time; the car-
riages were at the entrance, waiting for the private
secretary of his grace, and two of the aides-de-camp,
who were eating a hurried luncheon before starting.
One of the aides-de-camp I knew but slightly, the
other was a perfect stranger to me! But Moreton was
an intimate acquaintance. He jumped up from his
chair, and came forward, and a deep blush
covered his face as he advanced to me.

'My dear Hinton, how unfortunate! Why weren't
you here yesterday? It's too late now.'

'Too late for what? don't comprehend you.'
'Why my dear fellow,' said he, drawing his arm
within mine, and leading me towards a widow, as
he dropped his voice to a whisper. 'I believe you
heard from me, that his grace was provoked at your
continued absence, and expected at least that you
would have written to ask an extension of your leave.
I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me, that
the duchess came back from England, with some
crochet in her head about something she heard in
London. In any case they ordered me to write.'

'Well, well,' said I impatiently; 'I guess it all, I
have got my dismissal. Isn't that the whole of it?'
He nodded twice, without speaking.
'It only anticipates my own wishes,' said I coolly.
'As this note may satisfy you, I placed the letter I
had written for the purpose of my resignation in his
hand, and continued:—'I am quite convinced in my
own mind, that his grace, whose kindness towards me
has never varied, would never have dreamed of this
step on such slight grounds as my absence. No, no,
the thing lies deeper. At any other time, I should
certainly have wished to trace this matter to its
source, now, however, chiding as it does with my own
plans and eager little how fortune intends to treat me,
I'll submit in silence.'

'And take notice of the affair further?'

'Such is my determination,' said I resolutely.
'In that case,' said Moreton, 'I may tell you, that
some story of a lady had reached the duchess, when
in London; some girl that it was reported upon
devoured to seduce, and actually followed for that
purpose to the west of Ireland. There, there; don't
take the matter up that way for heaven's sake. My
dear fellow, hear me out. But I could hear no more;
the rushing blood that crowded on my brain
drowned and stifled me, and it took several minutes
before I became sufficiently collected to ask him to
go on.'

'I heard the thing so confusedly,' said he, 'that I
cannot attempt any thing like connection in relating
it. But the story goes, that your duel in Loughrea,
did not originate about the steeple-chase, at all, but
in a quarrel about this girl, with her brother, or her
cousin, who, having discovered your intentions re-
garding her, you deemed proper to get rid of, as a
preliminary. No one but a fool could credit such a
thing.'

'None but such could have invented it,' said I; as
my thoughts at once recurred to Lord Dudley de
Vere.

'The Duke, however, spoke to General Hinton
—To my father! And how did he—'

'Oh behaved as only he could have done:—'Stop
my lord, said he, 'I'll spare you any further relation
of this matter. It is true, my son is unworthy of
remaining on your staff. If it be false, I'll not per-

mit him to hold an appointment where his reputation
has been assailed, without affording him an oppor-
tunity of defence. High words ensued and the end was
that: if you appeared before to-day, you were to hear
the charge, and have an opportunity to reply. If not
your dismissal was to be made out, and another ap-
pointed in your place. Now that I have told you, what
feels the indignation of my every nerve, I speak of,
promise me, my dear Hinton, that you will take the
matter. The intrigue is altogether beneath you;
and your character demands no defence on your part.'

'I almost suspect I know the party,' said I gloomily.
'No, no; I'm certain you can't. It is some woman's
story; some piece of tea-table gossip, depend on
it. In any case, my dear fellow, I'm sure about.'

'At all events, I am too indifferent at this moment
to feel otherwise about anything,' said I. 'So, good
by, Moreton—my regards to all our fellows—Good
by!'

'Good by my boy,' said he, warmly shaking my
hand. 'But, stop a moment, I have got some letters
for you; they arrive only a few days since.'

He took a packet from a drawer in the table, and
once more bidding him adieu, I set out on my return
to the castle.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PARKWELL TO IRELAND.

My first care on reaching my quarters was to make
preparation for the receipt of the packet of letters
the same evening, my next was to sit down read over
my letters. As I turned them over, I remarked there-
were none from my father nor lady Charlotte: there
was, however, one in Julia's hand; and also a non
from O'Grady; the others were the more com-
mon correspondence of every day acquaintances,
which I merely threw my eye carelessly over even I
considered them unworthy of being read. I posted
—I cannot explain why—a most unusual degree
of interest for me, and throwing myself back in my
chair, I gave myself up to its perusal.

The epistle opened by a half satirical account of
the London season—then nearly drawing to its close;
in which various characters and incidents which I
had not placed in my memory well known well known
to me, were touched with that quiet subdued raille-
ry she excelled in. The flirtations, the jiltings, the
machines that were on or off, the rumoured duels, debts,
and difficulties of every one we were acquainted with,
were told with a most amusing smartness; all showing
young as she was, how thoroughly the wear and tear
of fashionable life had invested her with the intricate
knowledge of character, and the perfect acquaintance
with all the intrigues and by-play of the world. How
unlike Louisa Bellows, said I, as I laid down the let-
ter after reading a description of a man, a man, a man,
with a peerage and some twenty thousand
pounds per annum. It was true, they were the
vices and follies of the age, which she ridiculed, but
why should she ever have been so, or ought
she to have been conversant with such a state of
society as would expose them; were in not better, like
Louisa Bellows, to have passed her days amid the
simple, unexciting scenes of secluded life, than to
have purchased all the brilliancy of her wit and the
dazzle of her genius at the price of true female delicacy
and refinement? While I asked, and answered
myself these questions to the satisfaction of my own
heart, I could not dismiss the thought, that amid such
scenes as London presented, with such associations
as fashion necessitated, the unprovoked simplicity of
Miss Bellows's character would expose her to much both
of railway and coldness; and felt that she would be
nearly as misplaced among the proud daughters of
haughty England, as my fair cousin in the unfashio-
nable freedom of Dublin life.

I confess as I read on that old associations came
crowding upon me; the sparkling brilliancy of Julia's
style reminded me of the charms of her conversational
powers, aided by all the loveliness of her beauty, and
all the witchery which your true belle of fashion
knows how, so successfully to spread around her; and
it was with a flush of burning shame on my cheek,
I acknowledged to myself how much her letter in-
terested me. At last I continued to read O'Grady's name,
and to my astonishment found the following:

Lady Charlotte came back from the duke's ball
greatly pleased with a certain major of dragoons, who
among his other excellent qualities, turns out to be
a friend of yours. This estimable person, whose name
is O'Grady, has done much to dissipate her ladyship's
prejudices regarding Irishmen; and the repose of his
manner, and the ease and simplicity of his dress, and his
address being also opposed to her preconceived no-
tions of his countrymen. He dines here twice or thrice
a week; and as he is to sail soon, may happily
preserve the bloom of his reputation to the last. My
estimate of him is somewhat different: I think him
a bold effrontee kind of person, esteeming himself
very highly, and thinking little of other people. He
has, however, a delicate eye, a shrewd tongue, and
Corny, whom I am never tired of, and shall really
miss much when he leaves us. Now as to yourself,
dear cousin, what mean all the secret hints and sly
looks and doubtful speeches about you here? The
mysteries of Udolpho are plain reading compared to
your doings. Her ladyship never speaks of you but
as that poor boy, accompanying the epithet with
which you are so fond of abusing her.

'My dear Hinton, how unfortunate! Why weren't
you here yesterday? It's too late now.'

'Too late for what? don't comprehend you.'
'Why my dear fellow,' said he, drawing his arm
within mine, and leading me towards a widow, as
he dropped his voice to a whisper. 'I believe you
heard from me, that his grace was provoked at your
continued absence, and expected at least that you
would have written to ask an extension of your leave.
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the duchess came back from England, with some
crochet in her head about something she heard in
London. In any case they ordered me to write.'

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have got my dismissal. Isn't that the whole of it?'
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step on such slight grounds as my absence. No, no,
the thing lies deeper. At any other time, I should
certainly have wished to trace this matter to its
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take the matter up that way for heaven's sake. My
dear fellow, hear me out. But I could hear no more;
the rushing blood that crowded on my brain
drowned and stifled me, and it took several minutes
before I became sufficiently collected to ask him to
go on.'

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cannot attempt any thing like connection in relating
it. But the story goes, that your duel in Loughrea,
did not originate about the steeple-chase, at all, but
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preliminary. No one but a fool could credit such a
thing.'

'None but such could have invented it,' said I; as
my thoughts at once recurred to Lord Dudley de
Vere.

'The Duke, however, spoke to General Hinton
—To my father! And how did he—'

'Oh behaved as only he could have done:—'Stop
my lord, said he, 'I'll spare you any further relation
of this matter. It is true, my son is unworthy of
remaining on your staff. If it be false, I'll not per-

where we first came up with the French; a smart
affair took place at daybreak, in which your humble
servant, to the appropriate phrase distinguished
himself—'regard, I had almost said extinguished—fo
it was shot through the arm, coming portion of that
conjugial portion of the human anatomy, which is
sustaining several other minor damages, that mad
me appear to the regimental doctor a very unserviceable
craft for his majesty's service; the result was, I was
sent back with the plaster for a man's vanity, thou
not for his wounds, a despatch letter to the Hon
General, and an official account of the action.

'As nothing has occurred since in the Peninsula to
eclipse my performance, I continue to start it here
with immense success, and quite convinced that with
a little more loss I might make an excellent match
out of the affair. Now to the pleasant part of my
epistle. Your father found me out a few evenings
since at an evening party at the Duke of York's and
presented me to your lady mother who was most gra-
cious in her reception of me; a invitation to dine
the next day followed, and since have spent almost
every day at your house. Your father, my dear Jack
is a glorious fellow a soldier in every great feature
of the character. You never can have a finer object
of your imitation, and your best friend cannot wish
you to be more than an equal. My dear Charlotte is
the most fascinating person I ever met, her abilities
are first-rate, and her powers of pleasing exceed all
that ever I fancied even of London fashionable. How
you could have left such a house I can scarcely con-
ceive, knowing as I do something of your taste for
comfort and voluptuous ease; besides la cousine, Lady
Julia—Jack Jack, what a close fellow you are and
how very lovely she is, I scarcely know her, for some-
times she rather affects hauteur with my cloth, and rarely
eats along your father's dinner-table: Her kindness
to Corny, who was domesticated at your house for the
last five weeks I can never forget and even he can't
it would appear conjured up, an complaint against her
what a testimony to her goodness.

This life, however, as I said for ever, as I have now
recovered so far as to mount a horse once more, I have
applied for regimental appointment; your father most
kindly interests himself for me and before the week is
over I may be gazetted. The fellow De Vere very
intimate here, when I arrived, since he has seen me
however his visits have become gradually less fre-
quent, and have almost ceased altogether. This, entre
nous, does not seem to have met completely with Lady
Julia's approval and I may think she may have at-
tributed to me a circumstance in which certainly I was
not an active cause. However, happy I may feel at
being instrumental in a breach of intimacy between
her and one so very unworthy of her, even as a com-
mon acquaintance, I will ask you, Jack, when oppor-
tunity offers, to put the matter in its true light, for
although I may in all likelihood, never meet her again
I should be sorry to leave with her a more unfavour-
able impression of me than I really deserve.

Here the letter broke off, lower down the paper were
the following lines, written in evasive haste, and
with different ink:

'We sail to night. Oporto is our destination, Corny
is to remain behind, and I must ask of you to look to
him on his arrival in Dublin. Lady Julia likes De
Vere, and you know him too well to permit of such a
fatal mistake. I am, I find, meddling in what really
I have no right to touch upon, this is however de vous
à moi God bless you—Yours ever.

'PHIL O'GRADY'

Poor Phil, said I, as I laid down the letter; in his
heart he believes himself disinterested in all this, but
I see plainly he is in love with her himself. Alas, I
cannot conceive a heavier affliction to befall the man
without fortune than to be thrown among those whose
prospects render an alliance impossible, and to bestow
his affections on an object perfectly beyond his reach of
attainment. Many a proud heart, indignant in their
struggle between its own promptings and the dread of
the imputation which the world so hastily confers, of
false hunting; many a haughty spirit, has quailed beneath
his fear, and stifled in his bosom the thought that
made his life a blessed dream. My poor friend how
little will she that has stolen away your peace think
of your sorrows!

A gentle tap at my door aroused me from my mu-
sings. I opened it and saw to my surprise, my old
companion, Tipperary Joe. He was covered with
dust, heated, and travel stained, and leaned against
the door-post to rest himself.

'So,' cried he, when he had recovered his breath,
'I'm in time to see you once more before you go. I
run all the way from Carlisle, since twelve o'clock last
night.'

'Come in my poor boy, and sit down. Here is a
glass of wine; it will refresh you. We'll get something
for you to eat, presently.'

'No, I couldn't eat now. My throat is full, and
my heart is up here—And so you are going away,
—going for good and all; never to come back again!
'Who can say so much as that, Joe? I should, at
least be very sorry to think so.'

'And would you now? And will you really think
of could Ireland when you're away? Hurroo! for
the mortal, there's no place like it, for fun, divilment,
and diversion. But, musha! musha! I'm forgettin', and it
getting dark. May I go with you to the packet!
'To be sure, my poor boy, and I believe we have
not many minutes to spare.'

I despatched Joe for a car, while I threw a last
look around my room. The things that I had looked
whether bestowed on the living or the dead, the li-
like or the inanimate.

There is a feeling that resembles death in the last
glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object.
The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, a
she passed by on her wedding day it may be happy
and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of
her own light heart, and leaves, in that look, darkness
and devotion to you for ever. The life you, your
father spirit has clung to like the very light of your
existence waves his hand from the quarterdeck, as the
gigantic ship bends over to the breeze; the wind
is playing through the locks your hand so often times
has smoothed; the tears have dimmed his eyes, for
mark! he moves his fingers over them—and this is a
last look.

My sorrow had no touch of these. My eye ran-
ged over the humble furniture of my little chamber,
while memories of the past came crowding on me,
hopes, that I had lived to see blighted; day dreams
dissipated; heartfelt wishes thwarted and scattered.
I stood thus for some minutes, when Joe again joined
me.

Poor fellow! his wayward and capricious flights
now grave, now gay, were but the mockery of that
sympathy my heart required. Still did he heal the
sadness of the moment.

'We need the voice the look, the accent of affection
when we are leaving the spot where we have once
been happy. It will do to part from the objects that
have made our home without the connecting link of
human friendship. The hearth the roof tree, the
mountain, and the rivulet are not so eloquent as the
once syllabled 'Good by' come it from ever so humble
a last look.

The bustle and excitement of the scene beside the
packet seemed to afford Joe the most lively gratifica-
tion; and like the genius of confusion, he was to be
seen flitting from place to place, assisting one, impeding
another; while snatches of his wild songs broke
from him every moment. I had not time to press his
hand, when he was hurried ashore amongst the crowd,
and the instant after the vessel slipped off from the
pier, and got under weigh.

The poor boy stood upon a block of granite, waving
his cap over his head. He tried a faint cheer, but it
was scarcely audible; another, it too failed. He look-
ed wildly around him on the strange, unknown faces
as if a scene of desolation had fallen on him, burst into
a torrent of tears, and fled wildly from the spot. And
thus I took my leave of Ireland.

At this period of my narrative I owe it to my read-
er—I owe it to myself—to apologise for the mention
of incidents, places, and people, who have no other
bearing on my story, than in the impression they made
upon me while yet young.

When I arrived in Ireland, I knew scarcely any
thing of the world. My opportunities had shown me
life, only through the coloured glass of certain fashio-
nable prejudices; but of the real character, motives, and
habits of men of action and thinking of others, still
more of myself, I was in total ignorance. The rapidly
succeeding incidents of Irish life—(their interest, varie-
ty, and novelty, all attracted and excited me; and
without ever stopping to reflect upon causes, I found
myself becoming acquainted with facts. That the
changeable pictures of existence so profusely scattered
through the land, should have made their impression
upon me, is natural enough; and because I have found
it easier and pleasanter to tell my reader the machi-
nery of this change in me, than to embody that change
itself, is the reason why I have presented before him
a tableau of life under so many different circumstances,
and when, frequently they had no direct relation to the
current of my own fate, and story of my own fortunes.
It is enough of myself to say that though scarcely
older in time, I had grown so in thought and feeling.
If I felt, on the one hand, how little my high connec-
tions and the position in fashionable life which my family
occupied, availed me, I learned, on the other, to know
that friends, and such ones, could be made at once,
on the emergency of a moment, without the imposing
ceremony of introduction, and the diplomatic inter-
change of visits.—And now to my story.

The Danvers.

BALLADS OF THE BRIEFLESS.

THE DECLARATION.—THE HAND OF NEWGATE.

Heat alone in the dark recess,
Of his chamber's silent close,
And the dreamy, the dreary,
Stalk'd up and down the room.

His crown was hanging upon a hook,
And its dark, mysterious fold,
By the twilight dim, in his face, took
The form of the one call'd old.

His wig, unworn for many a day,
Was slumbering in its box,
And the busy spider world's way
In its still curling locks.

His hand had assumed a yellow hue,
As they lay unclench'd in his drawer,
And the white cravat was tawny, too,
Of this hapless man of law.

He threw his feet upon the sofa,
And instinctively counted the small steel knobs,
Which he found amounted to eight,

He threw himself back in his one-arm chair—
An odd-ounce he'd bought in the street;
And he plaintively whistled a well-known air,
Beating time on the sofa with his feet.

And as it for this, he mournfully thought,
That I've kept my term in the hall,
And spent some hundred in being taught,
Besides what I've paid for my call?

Oh! it is for this that I've read on to rest—
Reminders to and uses,
While nothing comes in to pay for the crust,
Though my baker to trust refuses?

'Twas thus he thought, when a gentle knock
Was heard at his chamber door,
And through his heart there ran a shock,
For it told him of many a score.

But huzzer gives courage to the hare,
And make it case to run,
And briefless he to the barrister dare
To tollify face a dun.

He rush'd to the portal—that man of law,
In a fit of desperation,
And received—oh joy! instructions to draw
At once a declaration.

He open'd them—oh I can't language tell
The sight he saw within
His countenance from its first smile fell
Into a ghastly grin.

The paper indorsed "Inst'ions"—a phrase,
Which is for "Instructions" short
Display'd to that lawyer's earnest gaze,
Not any thing of the sort.

But on eekly there meth his eager eye
Of his document a little bit,
He found himself a fool and a witness by,
With—a copy of a writ!

(Punch.)

MISCELLANEA.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE AT BILLINGSGATE.

—On Thursday morning indescribable alarm was
caused amongst the throng of persons assembled in
Billingsgate market by a man being seen standing on
the parapet of the house No. 4, occupied by Mr. Ross,
a fish salesman, making gestures as if he premeditated
throwing himself off, and in a second or two afterwards
he precipitated himself head foremost into the street.
At the instant several females shrieked with terror, and
a cry of horror escaped from every one who witnessed
the terrific act. The wretched man as he fell turned
over once or twice, and came down upon his back on a
linen blind of very strong texture in front of the ware-
house, it was supported by a strong piece of timber
upheld by stout iron supporters fixed in iron cramps,
but such was the impulse of his descent, that the blind
was torn into ribbands. The timber beam snapped com-
pletely in two, and the ironwork bent in a most
curious manner. This check, however, so effectually
broke the force of his fall that he came in contact with
the foot pavement with not more violence than if he
had fallen only a couple of feet. On being raised up,
to the great astonishment of the persons around him,
he had not apparently sustained any injury, and was
quite sensible. Mr. Ross immediately rushed to the
person to be a friend of his who had been staying since
Friday last at his house on a visit. His name it ap-
pears is William Dunnatt; he is about 25 years of age
and an agriculturist, residing with his parents at
Clorton, near Ipswich. No cause is known that could
induce him to attempt self destruction. They had
breakfasted together but a short time previously, and
Mr. Dunnatt, then proceeded to the roof to smoke a
cigar and take a view of the river. The unfortunate
young man was ultimately removed to St. Thomas's
Hospital. It soon became apparent that he had sus-
tained some injury of the head, as his speech failed
him, and he became delirious, arising most probably
from concussion of the brain or injury of the spine. He
remains at present in a very uncertain state.

The most extraordinary instance of magnetic attrac-
tion we have heard of yet, and there are several strong
ones about it, that an eagle flying over a mountain
had all the nails drawn out of his toes. New York
Tattler.

EMPIRE OF WOMEN.—"The empire of Women," says
an eloquent foreigner, "is not theirs because men have
willed it, but because it is the will of nature. Miserable
must be the age in which this empire is lost, and in
which the advantages of women are counted as nothing
in man. Every people in the world that has been
said to have had morals, respected the sex.—Spain,
Germany, Rome. At Rome, the exploits of the Vic-
torious generals were honoured by the grateful voices
of the women; on every public calamity their tears
were a public offering to the gods. In either case
their vows and their sorrows were thus consecrated
to the most solemn judgments of the state. It is in
these that all the great revolutions of the republic are
to be traced. By a woman it was acquired liberty,
by a woman the plebeians acquired the consulate,—by
a woman, finished the decrepitude of the empire,—by
women, when the city was trembling with a vindictive
exile at its gates, it was saved from that destruction
which no other influence could avert. To our eyes,
indeed, accustomed to find in every thing some cause
or pretence for mockery, a procession of this sort
might seem to present only subject of derision; and in
the altered state of manners in our capitals, some cause
of such a feeling might perhaps be found in the differ-
ent aspect of the procession itself. But compose it of
Roman women, and you will have the eyes of every
Volscian, and the heart of Coriolanus."

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